

I don't think Al and Tipper will be listening to **Biohazard's** *Urban Discipline* (Roadrunner) anytime soon. It won't give clappin' Al a sense of rhythm, but it will clue him in to the festering discontent of our youth. Biohazard play industrial rap which is shouted gang style. Their lyrics cover all kinds of stuff from crack dealers to cops on the take to record company executives. They've got a pretty good idea of what's wrong with the world, except their basic solution to everything is to "shove it up your ass." The title track begins with the noble sentiment, "Growing up, I've scene a lot of shit in my time." Still, they have a pretty good insight into the media on "Black and White and Red All Over," which ends with the couplet, "Always strife in the middle fucking east/If war sell papers why don't peace." However, my true Biohazard fantasy is to subject Rush Limbaugh to this album constantly (much the way the F.B.I. plays music for the Branch Davidions) until he promises to shut up and go back wherever the hell he came from.

Biohazard with Sick Of It All and Sheer Terror: Wed., Apr. 7 at 8 p.m. at TLA, 334 South St., \$10, 922-1011.
--Peter Brown